

# BOWSER'S PET PLANT

A Sunflower Tenderly Reared by Him Mysteriously Disappears & The Loss Is a Grievous Blow

[Copyright, 1907, by C. B. Lewis.]  
**A** MONG the things Mr. Bowser planted in his back yard when the showers and sunshine of May brought up recollections of his days on the farm was a paper of sunflower seeds. After a couple of weeks a single sunflower made its appearance. The other seeds were either scratched up by the cats or trampled half way down to China by the heavy foot of the cook as she looked around for lost clothespins.



HE GRINNED AND RUBBED HIS HANDS WHEN HE SAW IT.

That stalk was treasured as something more precious than gold. He walked out to gaze upon it before breakfast and he sauntered out to look after its welfare after dinner. Sticks were stuck around it to prevent the cats from scratching their backs or indulging in athletics, and Mrs. Bowser and the cook were given strict injunctions not to go within five feet of it. "Isn't it going to a great deal of trouble to raise an old sunflower?" asked Mrs. Bowser on one of the occasions when she had been cautioned. "I'd go to fifty times the trouble," he retorted. "There is no vegetable or flower that brings the old days back to me like the sunflowers. As a child I played beneath their shade. As a youth I watched their golden heads follow the sun from east to west. As a young man I—"

"You didn't eat them?"

"No, ma'am, I didn't. The first time I told my love was amid a patch of sunflowers, and I can never, never forget it."

"Did you tell it to a sunflower?" asked Mrs. Bowser after she got through laughing.

"Never you mind," he replied. "I wouldn't trade that sunflower for the best horse in town, and if anything happens to it you'll hear from me. If I catch our blamed old cat out there walking around it again she'll need nine more lives."

As the days went by that sunflower

sunflower was gone. He rubbed his eyes and looked again and again, but it had vanished and only a hole in the ground remained. Not a leaf, not a fragment of stalk, was scattered on the grass to give a clue to the mystery.

"What on earth ails you?" asked Mrs. Bowser as Mr. Bowser stood before her a few minutes later with pale face and quivering chin.

"Gone!" he stammered in reply.

"What do you mean?"

"My sunflower! It's gone! It was there this morning, but some one has pulled it up during the day."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. Have I got so blind that I can't see sunflowers a foot from my nose? Woman, what sort of a bloody minded conspiracy is this?"

"There is no conspiracy about it. I was down town this afternoon, and while the cook was busy I suppose that some of those hoodlum boys came through the alley gate and rooted up your sunflower. I'm sorry it's gone, but don't talk nonsense."

"Nonsense!" he shouted as his white face suddenly turned a bright red. "Do you call it nonsense that my sunflower has been rooted up and carried off—the flower that I've watched and tended and loved all these long weeks? You were downtown, were you, instead of being home to prevent such a sacrilege? And the cook—the cook was too busy to notice the back yard full of boys, who might have carried off the fences for all of her. By the great horn spoon, madam, but—"

And he choked and gasped and flung his arms about and was too overcome to finish.

"It may possibly be lying in the alley," said Mrs. Bowser in soothing tones, "and if so you can replant and save it. Sunflowers are very hardy, you know."

"Lying in the alley! Lying crushed and broken and dead in the alley! The flower of my youth, of my early manhood, of my first love! By thunder, woman, somebody has got to suffer for this! I'll have revenge if it takes a thousand years."

"I'll go out with you and look in the alley."

"Don't trouble yourself. The deed is done, and you are to blame for it. That sunflower is dead, and it only remains to find and punish the murderers. I am going to look for them."

"But where will you look? If you will light the lantern I'll go with you!" "I need no lantern to find the trail, and while I am following it up you can sit here and gurgie and grin and smile over the success of your conspiracy. When you get tired of grinning and gurgling and smiling you can go to bed."

Mr. Bowser put on his hat and stalked forth into the night and the alley, and at 10 o'clock he had not been heard of. The clocks struck 11 and still no word. Then the hour of midnight boomed, and he was still absent. It was 1 o'clock in the morning when Mrs. Bowser routed out the cook and

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## It Must Come.

As inevitable as the changing seasons of the year is the change which comes to every woman. And just as one anticipates the changes of other seasons it is wise to anticipate this change of season and overcome it before it comes. It cures the physical ills and relieves the mental anxiety and depression usually associated with this critical period. It tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces refreshing sleep.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a medicine for every season of woman's life, will entirely meet the needs of women at this period of change. It cures the physical ills and relieves the mental anxiety and depression usually associated with this critical period. It tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces refreshing sleep.

**\$500 REWARD!**  
FOR WOMEN

**WHO CANNOT BE CURED.**

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women has ever attained, the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

Ten S. Carleton, of Manchester, Coffee Co., N. H., writes: "I have been using your medicine for the last sixteen or eighteen years in my poor-house. I am superintendent of the Coffee County Poor-house and Asylum combined. Your Favorite Prescription, Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets are the best medicines for the diseases for which they are recommended that I ever used. They saved my wife's life at the time of 'change of life.' I have been recommending your medicine to many afflicted women and have also guaranteed that if it did not cure I would pay back the money spent for it. I have told our druggist that if the people came back and said Doctor Pierce's medicines did not give satisfaction, to give them back their money and charge it to me. I have not once been called upon to refund. I have never found anything to equal the Favorite Prescription for diseases of women."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of an one-cent stamp for the paper covered book, or one-cent stamps for the cloth bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

### Lack of Rain Hurts Cotton.

Americus, Ga.—The cotton crop has already fallen off considerably, and unless a general rain comes and that quickly, the cotton crop of this section will be vastly reduced from former estimates. Already the loss sustained by the protracted drought is enormous and this is being added to as each day passes without needed moisture for the parched plant that lies limp and wilted under a blazing September sun. Vast damage has already resulted and the end is not yet. In some localities here there has been no rain in many weeks. The growth of the plant is checked, forms have fallen off, the leaves are turning yellow and bolls opening prematurely. Even a general rain now would not repair half the damage wrought already, but would relieve the situation very materially. Even the smaller crops show perceptibly the effects of the parching sun, but the greatest loss is sustained in the damage to cotton. Already the loss sustained will reduce the crop here several thousand bales, it is said.

### The Genuine vs. Counterfeits.

The genuine is always better than a counterfeit, but the truth of this statement is never more forcibly realized or more thoroughly appreciated than when you compare the genuine DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve with the many counterfeits and worthless substitutes that are on the market. W. S. Ledbetter, of Shreveport, La., says: "After using numerous other remedies without benefit, one box of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me." For blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles no remedy is equal to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by all druggists.

### The First Boycott.

For the first time, merchants in Columbia have been boycotted. This action is illegal and therefore the boycott is in a way anonymous. It is not known who is at the bottom of the business, but investigations are being made and if the responsible party is found suit will be brought against him or them.

Mr. J. B. Residinger, one of the parties named in the anonymous circular scattered around covertly, has been having some trouble with the plumbers' union recently.

### You Know What You Are Taking

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form, No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

### Negroes are Here to Stay.

Senator Hoar discussed "Problems of the Nation" at the annual outing of the Essex Club of Massachusetts, at Baker's Island, recently. Discussing the race problem in the South the Senator said: "I know, my friends, that there are special difficulties in this problem as it affects our colored fellow citizens. I know

how deeply moved are the feelings of our Southern brethren. I would not utter toward them a word of reproach. I know how near to their homes and how close to their social and political life comes this cloud and shadow. I see that one enthusiastic Southern gentleman has renewed the proposition that we shall send ten million negroes out of the country. This is totally impracticable. Let us not delude ourselves. We have got this question to meet squarely at home. The negro will stay. The European and Asiatic will come. You cannot turn them out and you cannot keep them out."

### Wide and Narrow Tires.

Water and narrow tires aid one another in destroying the roads, while, on the other hand, wide tires are roadmakers. They roll and harden the surface, and every loaded wagon becomes in effect a road roller. The difference in the action of a narrow tire and a wide one is about the same as the difference between a crowbar and a tamper—the one tears up; the other packs down. By using wide tires the cost and labor of keeping roads in repair are greatly reduced. Therefore if you want good roads, either of dirt or stone, use wide tires and induce all your neighbors to do likewise.

### A Purgative Pleasure.

If you ever took DeWitt's Little Early Risers for biliousness or constipation you know what a purgative pleasure is. These famous little pills cleanse the liver and rid the system of all bile without producing unpleasant effects. They do not gripe, sicken or weaken, but give tone and strength to the tissues and organs involved. W. H. Howell, of Houston, Tex., says "No better pill can be used than Little Early Risers for constipation, sick headache, etc." Sold by all druggists.

### Just What Was Expected.

The Brooker Washington incident at Hamlet, N. C., has started some smart bucks in different parts of the country to "butting in" at white hotels and restaurants, but they find that every place is not so easy as Hamlet. In an Alabama town several of the presumptuous ones got a good flogging and in Wilmington a few days ago a couple of them narrowly escaped another flogging by making themselves scarce in a short order that there was no time to apply the corrective. Brooker T. has not been doing much good in the country since he got mixed up with Teddy Roosevelt.

### What is Life?

In the last analysis nobody knows, but we do know it is under strict law. Abuse that law even slightly, pain results. Irregular living means derangement of the organs, resulting in Constipation, Headache or Liver trouble. Dr. King's New Life Pills quickly readjusts this. Its gentle, yet thorough. Only 25c., at the Kaufmann Drug Co's., Drug Store.

### Dat's er Fact.

"Br'er Williams," said Brother Thomas, "suppose a mad bull wuzter take after you, what would you do?" "Climb a tree, suh!" said Brother Williams.

"But—suppose you had de rhematism, en a wooden leg, en couldn't climb?"

Brother Williams was silent a moment, then he said:

"Br'er Thomas, it's des sich 'quixotic niggers ez you dat keeps dis race problem gwin. Ef de lynchin' committee don't git you finally it'll be 'kaze you outruns 'em!"

### The Pleasure of Eating.

Persons suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia or other stomach trouble will find that Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what eat you and makes the stomach sweet. This remedy is a never failing cure for Indigestion and Dyspepsia and all complaints affecting the glands or membranes of the stomach or digestive tract. When you take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure everything you eat tastes good, and every bit of the nutriment that your food contains is assimilated and appropriated by the blood and tissues. Sold by all druggists.

# Musemann's Gun Store.



ITHACA GUNS, PARKER GUNS, SMITH GUNS, LEFEVER GUNS, WINCHESTER REPEATING SHOT GUNS.

All kinds of Rifles and Air Guns, Shells loaded with the best black and smokeless Powders. Our \$5 Single Barrel Guns, 12 gauge are the best out. They are bored for long distance shooting. Hunting Coats, Cap. Leggings, Shell Belts, Powder, Shot, Wads, Caps, Cutlery, Phonographs and Records, Gun and Locksmith.

## NOTICE.

We give a chance on an \$850 (0 Automobile) with each cash 50 cents purchase. Ask for them.

**W. F. STIEGLITZ, PROPRIETOR.**

1508 MAIN STREET, COLUMBIA, S. C.

ONE CAR LOAD MITCHELL,  
ONE CAR LOAD VIRGINIA,  
ONE CAR LOAD THOMHILL

## WAGONS,

just arrived. We can make you attractive prices. Any size wagon wanted in stock.

Come in and see us when in the city.

**T. B. AUGHTRY & CO.,**  
Columbia, S. C.

## WATCH THIS SPACE

FOR YOUR BARGAINS IN

## Fall and Winter Dry Goods

NOTIONS, CLOTHING,

SHOES AND HATS.

Our Buyer is now in the Northern Markets.

YOURS FOR BARGAINS THAT WILL SURPRISE YOU.

**THE W. F. FURTICK CO.**

1638-1640 MAIN STREET,

COLUMBIA, S. C.



"I NEED NO LANTERN TO FIND THE TRAIL."

reached up. It got tall and fuzzy and put forth leaves. Its roots reached down into the earth and entwined themselves around old bottles and brickbats, and the stalk stood up as stiff as a crowbar. Now and then a boy took a shy at it with a stone from the alley, and now and then the midnight cats circled around it when playing tag, but it escaped injury.

At length it got a head on it. It was a small head, but it was in the right spot to grow bigger. Mr. Bowser grinned and rubbed his hands as he saw it. It was in the green yet, but he knew that the day must come when it would turn the color of gold and be studded with thousands of black seeds.

"By George, but she's a success—an unqualified success," he said to Mrs. Bowser that evening, and he was so good natured over it that she asked him for \$2 to buy stockings and got it.

The other evening Mr. Bowser came home with a headache and forgot his sunflower until twilight had begun to gather. Then he walked out to see what changes a day had brought forth. There had been a thunderstorm during the day, and during its prevalence he had been somewhat worried for fear that a thunderbolt might go astray and damage his pet. Sniffing the air for odor of brimstone, he sauntered to the back end of the yard and a moment later was struck so helpless that he had to lean up against the alley fence. His

had her take to the nearest police station a message reading:

"If any policeman finds a man walking up and down alleys and talking of conspiracies and sunflowers and early loves, don't lock him up for a lunatic. It is only Mr. Bowser searching for his strayed or stolen sunflower, and he will be all right as soon as he knows that bunch of catnip has been discovered in a corner of his back yard."

M. QUAD.

### His Idea Exactly.

Uncle—How do you like your Sunday school teacher?

Tommy—Oh, she's got good sense. She's smarter than mom is.

Uncle—Indeed! So you believe in her, eh?

Tommy—Sure! Her an' me thinks alike. She says Sunday school don't do me no good.—Philadelphia Press.

### Cured Hemorrhages of the Lungs

"Several years since my lungs were so badly affected that I had many hemorrhages," writes A. M. Ake, of Wood, Ind. "I took treatment with several physicians without any benefit. I then started to take Foley's Honey and Tar and my lungs are now as sound as a bullet. I recommend it in advanced stages of lung trouble." The Kaufmann Drug Co.